

From: Glazer, Lisa (DPH)
Sent: Tuesday, March 09, 2010 11:47 AM
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Subject: FW: FW: Collaborative English Paper

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From: Lisa Pelletier [mailto:lpelletier06@gmail.com]
Sent: Tuesday, March 09, 2010 11:43 AM
To: Glazer, Lisa A (DPH)
Subject: Fwd: FW: Collaborative English Paper

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Pelletier, Nancy <npelletier@necc.mass.edu>
Date: Tue, Mar 9, 2010 at 11:20 AM
Subject: FW: Collaborative English Paper
To: "Mitchell, Karen" <kmitchell@necc.mass.edu>, Lisa Pelletier <lpelletier06@gmail.com>, "Hayes-Johnson, Eileen" <ehayesjohnson@necc.mass.edu>, "Catalano, Rosalie" <rcatalano@necc.mass.edu>, Catherine Wachter <CATandGREG@msn.com>, "epelletier@ameresco.com" <epelletier@ameresco.com>

Here's a prime example of "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus" offered by an English professor from the University of Colorado for a class assignment:

The professor told his class one day: "Today we will experiment with a new form called the tandem story. The process is simple. Each person will pair off with the person sitting to his or her immediate right.

As homework tonight, one of you will write the first paragraph of a short story. You will e-mail your partner that paragraph and send another copy to me. The partner will read the first paragraph and then add another paragraph to the story and send it back, also sending another copy to me. The first person will then add a third paragraph, and so on back-and-forth.

Remember to re-read what has been written each time in order to keep the story coherent. There is to be absolutely NO talking outside of the e-mails and anything you wish to say must be written in the e-mail. The story is over when both agree a conclusion has been reached."

The following was actually turned in by two of his English students:

Rebecca (PINK)
Bill (BLUE).

THE STORY:
(first paragraph by Rebecca)

At first, Laurie couldn't decide which kind of tea she wanted. The chamomile, which used to be her favorite for lazy evenings at home, now reminded her too much of Carl, who once said, in happier times, that he liked chamomile. But she felt she must now, at all costs, keep her mind off Carl. His possessiveness was suffocating, and if she thought about him too much her asthma started acting up again. So chamomile was out of the question.

(second paragraph by Bill)

Meanwhile, Advance Sergeant Carl Harris, leader of the attack squadron now in orbit over Skylon 4, had more important things to think about than the neurons of an alien-headed asthmatic bimbo named Laurie with whom he had spent an eternity eight years ago. "A.A. Harris to Covetation 17," he said into his transgalactic communicator. "Polar orbit stabilized. No sign of resistance in fire." But before he could sign off, a bluish particle beam flared out of nowhere and blasted a hole through his ship's cargo bay. He jolt from the direct hit sent him flying out of his seat and across the cockpit.

(Rebecca)

He humped his head and died almost immediately, but not before he felt one last pang of regret for psychically brutalizing the one woman who had ever had feelings for him. Soon afterwards, Earth stopped its pointless hostilities towards the peaceful farmers of Skylon 4. "Congress Passes Law Permanently Abolishing War and Space Travel," Laurie read in her newspaper one morning. The news simultaneously excited her and bored her. She stared out the window, dreaming of her youth, when the days had passed unhurriedly and carefree, with no newspaper to read, no television to distract her from her sense of innocent wonder at all the beautiful things around her. "Why must one lose one's innocence to become a woman?" she pondered wistfully.

(Bill)

Little did she know, but she had less than 10 seconds to live. Thousands of miles above the city, the Ann'drian mothership launched the first of its lithium fusion missiles. The disaffected wimpy peasants who passed the Unilateral Aerospace Disarmament Treaty through the congress had left Earth a defenseless target for the hostile alien empires who were determined to destroy the human race. Within two hours after the passing of the treaty the Ann'drian ships were en route for Earth, carrying enough fire-power to pulverize the entire planet. With no one to stop them, they swiftly initiated their diabolical plan. The lithium fusion missile entered the atmosphere unimpeded. The President, in his top-secret mobile submarine headquarters off the ocean floor off the coast of Guam, felt the incendiary nuclear explosion, which vaporized poor stupid Laurie.

(Rebecca)

This is absurd. I refuse to continue this mockery of literature. My writing partner is a violent, chauvinistic semi-literate adolescent.

(Bill)

Yeah! Well, my writing partner is a self-centered human neanderthal whose attempts at writing are the literary equivalent of YAHOO... the snail I have channeled to. Or shall I have some other sort of E-XING IDEA??!! Oh no, what do I do? I'm such an air headed bimbo who reads too many Danielle Steele novels!!

(Rebecca)

ASSh@t!

(Bill)

B@ll@t

(Rebecca)

*** YOU - YOU NEANDERTHAL!!

(Bill)

In your dreams. Ha. Go drink some tea.

(TEACHER)

A+ - I really liked this one.

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